

William Graham Cries Chesapeake Ripper

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/894208) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/894208>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	M/M , Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Chesapeake Ripper
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Jack Crawford , Beverly Katz , Will Graham's Dogs , Original Character
Additional Tags:	Rape Aftermath , Medical Examination , Manipulative Hannibal , Bastard Hannibal , Will Whumpage , Will is carried bridal-style , Sweaty Will
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-07-22 Updated: 2013-09-28 Words: 9,467 Chapters: 6/?

William Graham Cries Chesapeake Ripper

by [Susanthebeta](#)

Summary

Will gets a *whhack* in the head from an unknown stalker/assailant. What a coinkinky-dink that his lovable Dr. Lecter finds him after his assault and contacts the proper authorities (meaning just Jack Crawford).

Instantly everyone assumes it was the Ripper who assaulted Will and left him for Jack to find just so that the Ripper can rub Jack's nose in yet another attack on the people under Jack's care. But Jack needs that physical evidence whatever the cost to Will's fragile psyche and body. What a crazy random happenstance that Dr. Lecter is the best trained physician available to examine Will forensically.

Will is trying to hold it together for his singularly-focused asshole of a boss. It really is all Jack's fault, really. This is the biggest break in the case ever! Will is a tragic hero who sacrificed himself to receive the Ripper's DNA!

The results are in at the lab, and it doesn't look good for Will. The samples were faked or tampered with. Is the Ripper that good, or did Will fake it all? Good thing that good Dr. Lecter some times blurs the lines between doctor/patient and close-personal-friend to Will, and he keeps watch over Will and helps him through his PTSD.

Notes

More tags to be added once more chapters are written and can fulfill the tags' promises of *iDOOM!* for Will and Jack.

I will pay assorted digital oatmeal, peanut butter, and chocolate chip cookies to beta volunteers.

Additional Warnings: Extreme micro-editing. Posting on the fly cuz I'm impatient and tweeking endlessly as a result.

Also fulfills the prompt "OMC/Will non-con, violation/spy cam, Hannibal catches Lounds taking pics of Will in the hospital" by youdbefuntomurder on <http://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/1375.html?thread=634975>.

- Inspired by [Kink meme that I am shamelessly prompting and filling for me myself](#) by Susanthebeta
- Inspired by [OMC/Will non-con, violation/spy cam, Hannibal catches Lounds taking pics of Will in the hospital](#) by Youdbefuntomurder

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Takes place between episode ten and thirteen, "Buffet Froid" and "Savoureux" respectively, in which Will Graham is found by Dr. Lector to suffer from encephalitis. However, I have taken small liberties with the timeline. Jack Crawford is aware of Will's recent erratic behavior and loss of time, but no one else is aware of the reason behind Will's symptoms. The first chapter takes place after Georgia Madchen is captured and hospitalized and before Dr. Abel Gideon escapes and goes on his killing spree.

‘Will? Will, stay with me. Will!’

Will Gram rolled his eyes but he could not open his eyelids. He hurt. His head hurt.

Attempts to move his head and look up at the man shouting at him resulted in a resounding and suffocating pain that spider-webbed across his skull emanating at his left temple. He felt the urge to vomit, but wracking tremors over rid that compulsion.

There was other pain, but Will had to compartmentalize. Breathing took precedence over the troubles of the rest of his body.

Oxygen. Breathe in and out.

The voice was yelling and Will reached out to the man with his right hand. It shook terribly as he grasped.

Maintain homeostasis. Hypothermia. Get warm, keep breathing.

An impossibly warm hand grabbed his. The fingernails were manicured and there were no calluses to note. Expert fingers found his pulse.

Hannibal.

‘Will, do you know where you are? Talk to me, Will!’

No, he had no fucking idea where he was.

‘Cold.’ His teeth chattered as testament to his low body temperature.

‘Of course, here.’

A jacket pre-warmed with someone else's body heat encompassed Will from his neck to his hips. It smelled like Italian leather and French cologne.

The familiar perfume of Hannibal's office panged the odor of dog shit into sharp relief.

Will came to the realization that he was laying on snow and gravel, and his dogs were barking. He was home, or rather, he was outside of his house.

That hand squeezed his again.

'I'm calling Jack.' Hannibal sounded worried, which was a quarter octave lower than the most worried Will had ever heard Hannibal's voice. 'Jack, this is Lecter. I'm at Will's. I think he's been attacked. No, I'm not sure, not yet. How soon can you get here? I have to move him, he's hypothermic. Damn the evidence, Jack, he is barely responsive. He may have a concussion.'

Hearing is the last sense to be lost before death, Will recalled.

'Stay with me, Will.' The hand left, and moments later Will felt two strong arms dig behind his shoulder and his knees. 'Hold onto me if you can.'

Will was lifted up, and the vertigo shot through his head no less painfully than a bullet shredding through his brainpan. He could hear himself moan but he was concerned that he hadn't been able to control his moaning, which made him sound like a recalcitrant corpse. He just had to listen to the less-than-human gurgle-moans that pushed up through his very sore throat. Each step that Hannibal took in carrying Will was another stab through temple until he came to rest in the long, warm cushion of the back seat of Hannibal's Mercedes. His knees were pushed up, and the car door slammed. It was so warm.

The car rocked and the front door slammed as Hannibal took his seat in the driver side. 'Will, can you hear me?'

Click, click, click, and the heater blasted warm air in Will's direction. Will made another attempt to open his eyes.

'Han-bal?'

'Yes, Will, yes?'

'Gonna throw up.'

A plastic bag was pressed against Will's mouth as his diaphragm and abdomen ejected liquid and air up and out of his mouth. Twice more he wretched and then he rested his head on his right side. The left side screamed with every beat of his heart.

He heard Hannibal tie off the bag of emesis. Now the car smelled of bile and rotten meat instead of 'Classy Hannibal' and 'Classy Newer Car'.

'Will, we are in your driveway. Jack is on his way. He will be here in twenty minutes if he puts on his lights. He did not want me to move you, but obviously you are in no condition to

remain exposed to the elements. Will, you are nude.'

That explains the biting gravel and melting wads of ice embedded in my back. I'm wet.

'Will? Will, what happened?'

What happened to Third? Who's on Second? Will mused.

'Will, what day is it?'

Will was aware that the season was winter or maybe that miserable late-fall time of year before the arrival of the glorious white-washing of true winter solstice. Maybe early spring? He swallowed and lamented that shaking his head to signal that he didn't know was out of the question. He had a newfound respect for Alana after her head injury in Minnesota.

'My mouth tastes like shit.' Will finally was able to open his eyes now that he was slightly warmer. The first image to burn through his retinas was an upside down car window and the constellation of Orion in the eastern horizon.

'Will, have you been drinking?'

Booze would explain the nudity, maybe a busted head, but it wouldn't explain the other pain.

Will winced and drew his legs up higher. He scrambled to pull the jacket down passed his abdomen.

'Will, I smell alcohol, but I also suspect that you have been assaulted. I need to know if you have been drinking heavily. Please, Will, I will keep everything you say in the deepest confidence, but I must know. Please tell me before Jack gets here.'

'I had a beer, I think.' Will had been quick to replace his usual late night potato and hamburger patty with a bottle or two of Samuel Adams to help him fall asleep ever since Jack had asked him to eat the bread crumbs left by the most creative serial killers of the north east corner of the continent. Wait, had he gone to a bar before driving home?

God, the pain.

Will pulled the jacket tight over his hips and sobbed.

'Will, you are bleeding.'

Copper and salt. Sweat and cum. Blood and panic.

The scent was familiar to Will. Fresh crime scenes and bodies in the morgue.

However, the sticky sensation gluing his ass checks together and the pain in his thighs were a give-away to another crime. His thighs ached as though he'd walked the thirty miles home while trying to keep a bowling ball squeezed between his knees.

'God, oh God,' he moaned.

‘Will, what do you remember?’

Nothingnothingnothingnothingnothingnothing!

William Graham screamed.

‘Will, I cannot take you back into your house. I have no way of knowing if it is safe. Will, I need you to focus. Where is the closest hospital?’

No, no, no. I’m not going to be touched!

‘Hannibal?’ Will’s voice sounded like a squeak. ‘I can’t! I can’t!’ His wide eyes searched around the car until they locked onto Lecter’s in the rear view mirror.

‘I understand. Will, is there a clinic? A doctor’s office? I need light.’

Light was the last torture to which Will wanted to be subjected. He moaned and passed out again.

Chapter 2

Hannibal pulled up to the small clinic where Jack had directed him over the phone and was already waiting. A marked Fairfax County Sheriff's car was parked next to Jack Crawford's vehicle, and Hannibal parked in the space between the two.

Crawford signaled for the sheriff's deputy and an older woman in a heavy coat and scrubs to open the dark building.

Jack's resolute hands-in-coat posture outside of the clinic door communicated to Hannibal that they needed to talk in private.

Hannibal glanced at Will's sleeping form in the back of his vehicle before he exited. The night was cooler than when he'd left Will's home, and he left the engine running to keep the cab warm. He approached Jack and waited for the dark man to make his all-important statement.

'Dr. Lector, I have my people on their way to Will's home to collect any evidence they can. What the hell happened?'

Jack Crawford maintained the composure of an intense lawman no different from his demeanor during the murder investigations of strangers.

Hannibal began his official report, 'Will left his phone in my home. I drove to his house here in Wolf Trap to return it. I knew that he had no other way of communicating to you, or me, or the FBI without it.'

Crawford remained resolutely unreadable.

Hannibal continued, 'As I drove up his drive, I noticed something unusual. I couldn't make it out at first because there were no house-lights, but I soon realized that Will was unconscious and nude in the front of his house.'

'Has he said anything?'

'I estimate that Will had laid unconscious and exposed to the elements for at least a half hour before my arrival. He has since stated that he was cold and his need to vomit and no more.'

Jack signed minutely, and his breath mingled with the billowing cloud of engine exhaust in the icy air.

'I am not near as conditioned as you and Will to evaluate victims in the place where they were attacked, Jack, but I know that Will was attacked.'

Crawford moaned, 'Could he have had another episode of lost time? Will has not been himself lately.'

‘I agree, but tonight I must insist that there was another party involved.’

‘How bad is he?’ asked Crawford.

‘He is suffering from a severe head trauma. I have found a hematoma at his left temple. There is bruising at his neck and throat and abrasions on his face. Jack, I would explain more, but I fear as his medical advisor that I should not explain more than the superficial until he has given his consent.’ Hannibal shuddered in the cold with the absence of his coat.

‘Everything Will has gone through needs to be documented.’

‘And it will. But, Jack, he needs to be examined and treated. I need to get him into this clinic,’ urged Hannibal as he craned his neck to see the older woman behind the window as the flicked on the office lights. ‘I would like to speak to the physician before he is treated.’

Jack looked down and then at the back window of Hannibal’s vehicle where Will was laying down in the back seat. ‘Yesterday Will came to me and insinuated that he was worried that someone at the FBI could be involved in the copy-cat murders. The list of people whom I can trust is quickly dwindling, doctor.’

Hannibal looked to Jack’s eyes, though Jack refused to return the look and maintained his glance at Will. ‘You wish me to conduct the exam and collect the evidence?’

‘The deputy was able to wake-up and bring the nurse for this clinic, and she can assist you. You saved that man’s life in the back of an ambulance last month. I have full confidence in you as a physician. I have the evidence bags and my camera in my car.’

‘I see. That is why we are at this clinic and Will is not in an ambulance. Jack, I may not agree with you but nevertheless I feel honored somehow.’

Jack approached the side of the car where Will’s legs were folded on the seat. ‘I have an ambulance on stand-by to take Will to the hospital as soon as we have the evidence or if you feel that it is medically necessary for him to be transported immediately.’

Jack opened the door, and Hannibal turned to alert the woman in scrubs inside the now lit clinic. He opened the glass door, and the woman already had a wheelchair and a blanket ready to take to Will. He held the door open for her, and she wheeled the blue and shining metal chair toward the car.

Her hair was thinning and dyed a cheap shade of orange. She wore thermal long-sleeve shirt under her cartoon scrub top and no make-up. ‘Can he sit in the wheelchair? We don’t have a gurney.’

‘No. I will take the blanket, and we will carry him.’

She handed the blanket to Hannibal and returned to the clinic with the wheelchair.

Hannibal opened the back car door where Will’s head lay.

Will was awake and attempting to cover himself with Hannibal’s jacket.

‘Will, here.’ Hannibal unfolded the blanket, which was still warm from having been in the clinic, and spread the blanket over his body.

Jack pulled the blanket from his end and covered Will’s feet. ‘Will, can you walk? We’re at the clinic.’

Will remained silent but gingerly rolled to his side and leaned forward toward Jack. He reached out with his arm, and Jack gently held him and eased Will out of the car. Will gave an involuntary cry of pain upon standing on the snow-covered ground.

Jack quickly pulled the blanket around Will and picked him up as Hannibal had earlier. Will clung to Jack’s coat lapels.

The deputy in his brown satin coat complete with faux-sheepskin around the collar held the door open for Jack and Hannibal, and Jack followed the nurse to the prepped examination room.

‘I’ll take care of your car, sir,’ said the policeman to Hannibal.

The woman in scrubs led Jack through an empty and dark waiting room. Plastic plants in wicker baskets, colorful children’s toys tarnished with grime, wrinkled magazines on short tables between vintage metal and red fabric chairs expressed this rural town’s apathy for change or modernization.

Hannibal followed behind Jack as the woman led them through a narrow hallway lined with a dozen doors on either side. The aroma of antiseptic and old paper files filled the building. The third door down was open and beckoned for them to enter. This room was large and cluttered with medical equipment, but it was well lit and clean.

Jack’s arms were fatigued from carrying Will, so Hannibal and the woman helped him to ease Will on the bed. The bed was more of a table, but the woman had a blanket and a pillow prepared to keep Will as comfortable as possible.

Will refused to release his hold on Jack’s coat. He pulled him closer and hissed, ‘I got too close, Jack!’

The woman fluttered around the room and adjusted lamps while Hannibal adjusted the blankets to optimally cover Will.

‘What are you saying, Will? What happened?’ urged Crawford. He held Will’s hand on his coat.

Will finally released his hold on Jack and slumped into the pillow. The white linens were quickly collecting the dirt and melted snow from Will’s hair. Dark red blood glistened the left side of Will’s face and matted his hair. The bridge of his nose was cut and bruised where his glasses must have been broken against his face.

Will shiver and closed his eyes. He appeared to draw his strength before starting again. His shining white teeth were lined with blood at the gum line. ‘I was getting out of my car. I – my

phone wasn't in my pocket.' He shook as he spoke. 'I got out of the car and looked for it in the seat. He must have been waiting for me – watching. I didn't see him; he must have hit me from behind.'

'Enough, please, Jack.' Hannibal interrupted. 'Allow me to treat my patient.'

Jack blinked, sighed and pushed Will's hand away. He took a single step back from Will's bed.

Hannibal signaled to the woman, and she quickly dried her hands after having washed them the stainless steel sink with OSHA standard eyewash station attachments.

'I'm Patty. I'm a nurse. The doctor is out of town for his golfing tournament. He's going to retire. We don't get many emergencies. Usually just colds and broken bones and pregnancy tests,' she rattled on.

Hannibal gave her a smile to reassure her. 'I'm Dr. Lecter. Let's start with a pen light and his vital signs.'

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

‘Pupil responses: equal and appropriate. BP elevated but within normal parameters at 138/88. Pulse is rapid but shallow at 88 beats per minute. Respirations high at 25. His tympanic temperature is 100.5 Fahrenheit, doctor,’ reported the nurse.

Dr. Lecter was rolling up his sleeves as Crawford was returning from his SUV with a black box labeled FBI in yellow letters. Crawford opened the container and expertly spread his supplies across a mobile metal table.

‘Will,’ Hannibal leaned over Graham and placed his hand above Will’s shoulder taking care not to touch him. ‘Next I’m going to have Patty draw your blood. You’ve done brilliantly so far.’

The light above Will’s head made it difficult to open his eyes completely to look up at Hannibal.

Dr. Lecter took note of that and moved the lamp to shine down across Will’s white and red blanket. The sight made Will dizzy and he clamped his eyes shut.

‘Alright, Will. Just a little poke, and I’m done,’ said the nurse. She pulled Will’s arm out from beneath the blanket and cleaned his inner arm with broad strokes of a wet cotton ball.

A needle was the least of Will’s pain, and he remained still while a band was tied around his arm, and vials of thick, red fluid were collected.

Jack immediately packed the vials away in his FBI box with his blue-gloved hands.

‘I’ll need both hands next, dear,’ said the nurse. She was old and worn, and Will was assured by her presence and her country mannerisms. Her soft, warm belly pressed into his shoulder as she reached over him.

Crawford handed her a narrow wooden stick and a small evidence bag.

Will reached both hands out, and Patty scrapped the underside of each fingernail and collected the small bits of debris into the bag.

By that time Dr. Lecter had washed his hands and put on his pair of blue gloves. ‘Will I need to clean and examine your head and face. I am sorry if there is discomfort. Patty?’

The nurse lifted his head ever so gently and placed a green towel under the left side of his head and neck.

‘Alright, Will, this is just saline to remove the blood.’

A spray of cool water hammered against the wound on Will's temple and roared in his ear. Hannibal pressed at his face with gauze pads that came back red with fresh blood.

Will moaned and shook, and Jack edged closer to his side.

'Head wounds do tend to bleed heavily, but it doesn't appear that you'll need stitches. This is a good sign actually. I'd be far more concerned if there was no bruising or bleeding. You have a mild concussion but the trauma to your skull remains external. You will not need an MRI. Jack, this would be your opportunity to photograph his wound. It will need a bandage.'

'Is there any transfer?' Jack snapped his picture, and the motor of the camera hummed.

'No, not in his head wound. The cut is an acute 45 degree triangular like the corner of a table but sharper.'

Will's hair literally hurt as Hannibal pulled the damp locks this way and that for the next flash of Jack's camera.

Hannibal looked to the nurse and she handed him a thick gauze pad. The doctor applied it to Will's temple to stem the flow of fresh blood. She again raised his head as Hannibal wrapped more gauze around Will's head to keep the pad in place.

Will kept his eyes closed tightly as more of Jack's camera flashes catalogued the evidence of his attack. His chronic involuntary shaking began to irritate him. He found that he was able to control it for a few moments at a time if he concentrated.

Hannibal advanced to the cut on the bridge of Will's nose. He removed the protruding ball of dried blood and flushed the area with saline as well.

Will felt like he might drown, and his eyes watered.

'I do not see the need for stitches here, either, Will. I'm just going to apply some antibiotic ointment to your head and nose,' noted Dr. Lecter.

Once he'd dried and finished with Will's face, Lecter palpitated with knowing fingers around the base of Will's head and down his jaw and neck. 'I believe the bruising around the neck is a sign that strangulation was attempted. The irregular ligature patterns indicate to me fingers rather than an object,' reported Hannibal. 'The hyoid is perfectly intact but bruised. You will experience pain during swallowing and talking for several days, I think.'

'I would have to agree that the ligature marks appears to be caused by someone's hands,' said Jack.

'Will, can you open your mouth?' Will opened slightly and Hannibal flashed his penlight around the sides of Will's mouth. 'You have blood in your mouth, but I do not see any tears in the tissue.'

'I think some of the blood from my head got into my mouth.' Will reached his hand out to take Hannibal's. 'I don't want to be awake for this.'

Hannibal squeezed the hand back with his bloody ones. 'I can appreciate the feeling, Will, but anesthesia is to be highly discouraged in a patient with a head wound. You are doing very well. I need to examine you below the blanket. I'm going to ask Jack to leave the room for your privacy and Patty and I will continue the exam.'

Will grimaced and nodded his head.

'I'll be outside the door,' said Jack. 'If you remember something or need to speak with me, I'll be right outside. I'm going to call Bev to make sure that your dogs are cared for.'

Will nodded and stumbled on his words, 'Thank you, Jack. I didn't get to feed them. They need the,' he swallowed, 'the canned food at night.'

'I'll make sure that Beverly gets the message.' Jack removed his gloves and stepped into the hall where the deputy was standing guard. 'Deputy?'

'Deputy Rollins, sir.' He looked young to Jack. Maybe twenty-five or thirty-years-old and his premature balding gave him a severe widow's peak. His eyes met level with Jack's, but he was lean and angular. He turned the volume of his screeching and beeping radio down as he addressed Agent Crawford.

'How many cars do you have on patrol tonight?' Jack took a wide stance and rested his hands on his hips. He knew that this made him look imposing to the smaller deputy.

'Three on the main road back into Baltimore and one monitoring the eastbound exit. We are coordinating with Virginia State Patrol, but it might help, sir, if we had a description of the man or a vehicle.'

Crawford's lip twitched. His agent had been brutally attacked. The guy couldn't be far, and Jack had nothing, nothing to tell this stupidly eager deputy about the perp. Instead he ordered him, 'I want that ambulance to stay on stand-by. No lights. And keep it at a distance. I don't want to attract any attention to this building.' Crawford motioned for him to take his post at the front entrance while Jack took his in the hall. He removed his phone from his pocket and redialed Dr. Katz from the recent contacts list.

The phone rang three times before she picked. She instantly responded, '*Jack, is Will alright?*'

'Dr. Lecter is examining him now. He's awake and talking. He should be fine. What do you have at the scene?'

'I'll have to call you back in a few. I just got here. Give me maybe twenty minutes, and I'll get back to you.'

Jack paced the hall and kept tabs on his phone for text messages before Beverly finally called back. He couldn't help but hear every one of Graham's whimpers and cries.

'So far nothing to go on to find this guy tonight, not at least until we've processed the evidence. From the naked eye I've collected just two sets of tire treads and two sets of foot

prints. A ton of dog prints, which are overlapping and obscuring the shoeprints. The snow has preserved the scene, but I've got nothing right after I rule out Will and Dr. Lecter's prints. I'm considering the idea that this guy could levitate.'

'I want those prints analyzed to death. There is no way Will was attacked that violently without his guy leaving serious prints in the snow. Have you recovered any weapons or Will's clothes?'

'Yes, actually. A silver folding knife with the initial's "WG" was recovered from a snow bank. It appears that was what was used to shred Will's clothing. I've got a vest, a thermal shirt, a pair of jeans, a belt, underwear, shoes and socks all cut into pieces and scattered around the front of Will's house. What's got me worried is the impression of Will's body in the snow. Jack, Will must have been laying out here for a while without clothes on. There is blood spatter all over, but there are two large pools of blood at the left side of Will's head and at his lower abdomen. Will is lucky Hannibal found him when he did.'

'I'm starting to think that Will was left for dead or this guy was interrupted before he could kill him. He took his time to make sure that Will suffered,' Crawford said angrily.

'Hang on a minute.' Dr. Katz spoke to someone at the scene and then then said to Crawford, *'Jack, they've started to process Will's car. There is blood on the corner of the driver's side door. This guy could have come from behind and slammed Will's head into the corner of the door. They've found his glasses under the car. Wow, they are broken into four, maybe five pieces.'*

'That sounds consistent with the wound on Will's head and his statement. Listen, Bev, Will wanted me to ask you to check in on his dogs.' Jack shifted his weight as he stood. He could hear Will crying on the other side of the door.

'Right, animal control has just arrived and they are starting to load the dogs up now.'

'As far as Will is concerned they are staying at your house tonight. He doesn't need to be worried about them right now.' Will screamed behind the door and Jack made a quick prayer that Katz couldn't hear it over the phone.

'Can do.'

Patty abruptly opened the door and said, 'Oh, excuse me, but he is asking for you. The doctor would like you to come back inside.'

'Jack!' Will screamed.

Chapter End Notes

Seriously, the good folks commenting and kudos-ing are what's driving me to write.
Thank you!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

‘Will, can you spread your legs for me?’

Chapter Notes

BarredSkylights is my beta! Joy!

‘I’ll make sure that Beverly gets the message,’ said Jack and turned for the door.

Will heard rubber snap of the gloves and then the crinkle of the trash bag as Jack removed and discarded them into the trash bin.

Hannibal watched to make sure that Jack pulled the door fully closed before he changed his own gloves for fresh ones.

Patty kept up her fluttering; setting out silver tools, plastic bottles of fluid, cotton balls and gauze on the table. She pulled the curtains to enclose the tiny space around Will’s bed once Jack had exited the exam room.

Hannibal put his hand gently on Will’s shoulder as he explained, ‘Will, I’m going to have Patty assist with the photographs as I examine your injuries further.’ He took a stethoscope offered by the nurse and hung it around his neck. Graham squeezed his eyes shut as he felt Dr. Lecter pull his blanket down his chest in increments. ‘Will, can you raise your arms?’

Will winced at the anticipation of pain as it raised his arms as Hannibal directed. There was no discomfort beyond the preexisting problem with his right rotator cuff, but his arms shook from fatigue and adrenaline.

‘Can you squeeze both fists?’ Will did so without difficulty, and Dr. Lecter praised, ‘Excellent. Any pain in your arms?’ Hannibal pressed his arms on his lightly to let Will know that he could lower them.

‘No, but my - my back and my side,’ Will shuddered.

‘Alright, I’m going to pull the blanket down to your navel and I’m going to check your ribs and palpate your abdomen.’

Hannibal's large hands encompassed Will's chest, under his armpits and across his ribs. There was a little pain on his left side as Hannibal pressed his hands into his ribcage and checked for crepitus. The pain increased as Hannibal's hands squeezed increasingly lower.

Will moaned and tried to push Hannibal's hands away. 'Sto-op! That hurts.'

Hannibal stopped his prodding for a moment. 'There is bruising around the lower left side of your rib cage. Patty?'

Patty placed a small paper ruler on Will's abdomen and flashed the camera at Will's left side. She removed the ruler and shuffled away again.

'Will can you take in the deepest breath you can for me?' Will slowly drew his breath and tested his ribs and diaphragm as he did so until it felt uncomfortable enough that he needed to exhale.

Hannibal took the stethoscope from his neck and placed his over Will's heart. He moved it to the left. 'Slowly breath in and out.' After Will did so, Lecter repeated his request and moved the bell to the right. He hooked the ear pieces around his neck and allowed the tubing and bell to hang. 'Very good, Will. You may have a micro fracture, but there are no breaks present. It might be nothing more than a nasty bruise. Your lungs sound perfect.'

The blanket was pulled down to the jut in his hips, and Will turned his head and stared at the pattern of the curtain around his bed. He wasn't keen on seeing the damage done to his body.

'Please alert me to any discomfort you experience as push a little on your belly.'

Hannibal pressed at Will's abdomen with the length of his fingers on his flesh and his other hand pressing at the back of them. He rolled his hands in small circles at the upper left quadrant and then the right. He found no swelling or rigidity; pancreas, liver and spleen were intact and unharmed. Dr. Lecter drew his hands down to the lower right quadrant, and Will winced.

He once more tried to push Hannibal's hands away. 'Don't! No more.'

'You are having pain in your abdomen?' Will attempted to pull the blanket back over himself, and Hannibal assisted him in covering his body.

Will grimaced and looked like he was close to breaking down. He shook his head just slightly. 'No. Not there. Lower.' Will sobbed. The pressure Lecter put on his abdomen resulted in pain and pressure to his other wound.

'Easy, Will. From the blood on your legs, I can assume what the other injury you have suffered might be. I will be gentle and I will be as quick as I can in collecting the evidence. Can you bear with me while I listen?' Hannibal moved to put the stethoscope back in his ears.

'Ye-yeah. Yeah, fine,' Will was able to mumble. He was covered in a sheen of sweat, and his breathing increased considerably. He grabbed a fistful of his blanket and glared at the ceiling.

He watched as the fluorescent lights buzzed and flickered.

Dr. Lector leaned over Graham, tucked the stethoscope bell under the blanket, and listened for abnormalities in Will's bowel sounds. 'Very good, Will, everything sounds normal. If I could give you a sedative, I would. Since I cannot I need you to do your best to stay calm. Let's start by inhaling slow, deep breathes. With me, Will,' Hannibal instructed. He modeled proper breathing until Will was breathing closer to a proper pace. With Will conscious of his breathing, Lector returned to his exam. He allowed Will the protection of his blanket as he put his hands on either side of Graham's pelvis. 'I'm going to check your hips and your pelvis now to be sure nothing is broken.' As with his ribs, the doctor used his big hands to encompass both sides of Graham's pelvis and press inward as he progressively moved lower.

Will gasped but breathed through the discomfort of having his bones pressed and squeezed, but he also felt reassured that nothing there was broken. He definitely felt bruising. Like the old melon in the grocery store that had been pinched too many times.

'Patty, does this bed adjust? Will, would you be more comfortable sitting up?'

Patty fluttered to the head of the bed, and waited for Will's nod before elevating the head to about 30 degrees.

'Will, I'm going to start next by checking your feet and then your legs.' Hannibal pulled a table with supplies closer to the foot of Will's bed.

Graham rolled his head to the right in indignation as the table rattled closer to him.

Hannibal folded back the blanket up to Will's knees. 'Will, are you experiencing any tingling or numbness in your toes?'

'No. They feel fine.' Will swallowed a mouthful of coppery saliva.

'Alright wiggle your toes for me. Good, and push on my hands with your feet.' Will gave proper and equal responses with both of his legs. 'Remarkable. You were exposed to the elements for some time and yet you show no signs of tissue damage from the cold.' Hannibal flexed Will's feet and toes before he began organizing the supplies Patty had provided on the table. He then began washing dirt and small twigs from Will's legs.

'I tend to run hot.' Will's left leg stung, and he hissed.

'When I found you, several of your dogs were next to you. Perhaps they were keeping you warm,' offered Hannibal. He continued his exam. 'You have an abrasion from your knee to your mid-shin. I apologize if this feels uncomfortable.' Hannibal noted several other cuts and scratches on his lower legs that showed signs of several days' healing. It appeared that Graham was prone to walking outside without the protection of footwear.

Patty snapped a picture.

The constant flashes burned through Will's eyes to his brain. He squeezed his eyes closed and frowned in anticipation of the next burn of white light.

‘I’m going to move the blanket again, Will.’

Will pressed the blanket tightly around his chest with his shaking arms. He wasn’t shaking from the cold anymore. He exhaled a controlled breath through pursed lips.

‘You are doing very well.’

Sitting up as he was, Will could not help but see the scratches and dirt that morphed his body from his own familiar skin to that of a victim’s.

‘Will, can you spread your legs for me?’

Graham lifted his right leg and then the left to expose his inner thighs to the doctor’s view. His hips and his knees ached as he did so, and his muscles felt bruised and beaten.

Tenderized, Will thought.

Hannibal lifted his right leg at the calf and thigh and moved his leg out gently.

Will shuddered at the touch. He could see dried blood smeared down his inner thighs, and he let out a sob at what that implied.

The nurse set down her camera and stood at Will’s side. She gathered his closest hand and squeezed it against her soft and warm middle. Will squeezed back in an unrelenting grip.

Dr. Lecter continued to dab wet gauze pads held with silver forceps against Will’s red and purple splotches of skin. He observed, ‘There is significant bruising above your knees. Some of the bruises look like finger prints. That tells me you might have been struggling during your attack. Were you conscious during this, Will?’

A tremor ran through Will like a bolt of electricity.

Patty tisked her tongue and reached a hand to Will’s shoulder to reassure him. Her voice was just above a whisper when she said, ‘I’m so sorry, sweetheart.’

Will sucked in shuddering breaths but did not answer Hannibal.

‘I am ready for you to document his legs,’ Lecter informed the nurse, and she left Will’s side after a pat on the back of his hand. ‘Will, I need to turn your legs. Tell me if there is discomfort.’ Hannibal rotated his right leg at his knee and ankle until Graham’s leg was bent at the knee with his foot drawn inward.

Will’s ligaments and muscles protest, but he suffered through the screaming of his body. He shut his eyes in the anticipation of the flash of the camera.

Hannibal returned his right leg to the more comfortable straight position and then turned Will’s left leg to expose the bruising for the camera.

Finally, blessedly, Hannibal returned the blanket to cover Will’s entire body.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Fair warning: this scene gets more graphic, so if that bothers you, please be aware.

Chapter Notes

Posting as I go, so once again, thanks to BarredSkylights for super fast beta work. So many thanks!

Update: I got a virus, so writing will be stopped until my computer is out of the shop. :'(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will fervently wished that he was anywhere but in this shoddy clinic. He wished that he had woken before Hannibal had found him. He made a plan in his mind of how he would have gone into his house, taken a bath, sat with a big blanket in front of the space heater with the dogs, and pretended none of this had happened. He was safer in his lecture hall where he didn't have to be *sociable* with anyone.

Damn Jack! He would have called Jack in the morning after a long sleep and called in sick. No, he would call Jack and quit. He would quit the FBI, work on boat and maybe move to Florida. He wasn't cut out to be an investigator, or a profiler, or an agent.

Hannibal placed his hand on his shoulder, and Will was pulled from his fantasy. 'Now, Will. I need you to roll just a little to your right side. I would like to examine your back.' His tone was soft but assertive.

Will chewed at his bottom lip nervously as Nurse Patty took a position at his right side and began to ease his left leg over his right and to roll onto his side as far as the narrow bed would allow. Blood thrummed through his left temple at a maddening pace and put more pressure on his already screaming headache as he moved. He tried to melt into the bed, and that seemed to help a little with the pressure but not the migraine that was threatening to overwhelm him. He peaked over the side of the bed and felt a wash of vertigo. Will knew that they wouldn't let him fall, but the disorientation of rolling to his side when he was so far off the floor made every nerve on edge and his preverbal hackles to rise. He bit his lip harder and wrapped an arm around Patty's waist while he struggled to maintain a grip on her arm with his other hand. It marginally helped to ease the sinking pit of fear and panic in his acrid stomach.

Hannibal pulled the blanket to cover everything but his back as he rolled, and Will was grateful for that. He pressed his hands down Will's back and seemed to catalogue each bone with his fingertips. His hands were cool even through the glove as they slid and pressed across his shoulders. Will winced as he pushed on the back of his neck again. He ached like he had a fever, but nothing else hurt until Lecter pushed at the lower left side of his ribs again.

'This bruise continues around to your back, Will. Again it appears superficial but no less painful.' This time Lecter was the one to place the paper ruler on Will's back and snap the photo. He recovered Will with the now less-than-white blanket, finished with the camera and ruler and set them on the side table. 'I have finished with your exam save for one more area.'

Will shook with a wave of unbridled tears, and the nurse patted his shoulder again. He knew that Hannibal would see how his attacker had more than injured him. He had violated him, humiliated him, defiled him, and *god* it hurt!

Hannibal pulled up the part of the blanket that hid his bottom and legs to rest on the sharp point of his hip. Up until this moment, he had remained professional and calm in his demeanor, but Will heard him gasp a barely audible sigh as he was finally able to take a closer look at Will's backside. He gently pressed at Will's left buttocks to reveal the blood-encrusted area.

Will growled a primal, fear-filled noise low in his throat that ended in a high-pitched whine. His vision blurred as tears filled his eyes. He trembled and grimaced. Tears streamed down his face as he shook. He made a desperate grab at Patty again, gripping her hand tightly.

'Easy, Will. I'm not going to touch anything yet. I just need to see. There is a lot of blood and I need to remove it. I'm going to flush it with a little saline water.' Hannibal tucked an absorbent pad under Will and used a syringe of saline to gently clear the blood and debris from Will's backside.

Just the lightest spray of water set Will into a panic and he screamed. Patty rubbed her thumb over the back of Will's squeezing and shaking hand. His shaking rattled the bolts of the bed.

'Easy, easy,' Hannibal urged. 'Alright, I'm going to gently clean away the area with a gauze pad. Hannibal swiped the region with the most coagulated blood around Will's anus until the glint of something metal caught his eye.

Will shrieked and thrashed on the bed. 'No, no, no! Jack! No-o!'

'Alright, Will. I'm finished for now. Help me lay him on his back again,' said Hannibal. He and the nurse eased Graham skillfully back into a supine position. The doctor's brow was furrowed.

Patty hushed Will and pulled the blanket to cover him up to his neck.

'Oh, God,' Will cried. His breaths were rapid and uncoordinated. 'I can't do this. I – I, god. Tell Jack. Jack!' Graham's face was red and his hair sweat-soaked. The bandage on his head

was stained crimson, and a line of blood ran down his face from his temple to his chin. He tried to sit up, but the pain in his head made him fall back to his pillow.

‘Nurse, please retrieve Agent Crawford. His presence will be required.’ Hannibal removed his gloves and moved to the sink to wash his hands.

‘Oh. Yes, doctor.’ The nurse sidestepped away from Will and made sure the curtain was closed tight around the bed.

Will was left alone in his cocoon. He could hear Hannibal washing his hands, the nurse opening the door, and Jack’s heavy feet tapping on the tile floor. He stared up at the ceiling tiles and fluorescent lights and tried to collect himself before he had to face Jack again. Sweat dripped from his head to his neck and face, and he shuddered coldly under the blanket. He listened while they spoke in lowered voices behind the curtain.

Graham’s heartbeat drummed in his ears, but he could hear Hannibal order, *‘Jack, I need you to keep him calm. Talk to him while I finish what needs to be done. Nurse I’ll need a 20 mL syringe of Propofol.’* There was silence, and Patty didn’t start her usual fluttering. *‘What is it nurse?’*

‘I’m terribly sorry doctor. We haven’t reordered supplies. The doctor was leaving, so all of our invasive procedures were redirected to the sister clinic near Baltimore. We don’t have any anesthesia. Even for local injections. We can’t even legally store medications right now.’

Hannibal snapped the paper-towel out of the dispenser, and Will could feel his anger as he wadded the paper and dried his hands loudly.

‘Anesthesia?’ asked Jack. *‘I’ll have the deputy call the ambulance. Any invasive procedures,’* he copy the nurse, *‘can be performed at a hospital.’*

‘No, this cannot wait. Damn it!’ Hannibal cursed. Hannibal never cursed. *‘There is an object that must be removed immediately. If we move Will any more we risk causing him serious damage. It must be done here and it must be done quickly.’*

‘An object?’ Will could hear Jack’s concern, but the idea of solid evidence was palpably arousing to Jack. *‘Was he stabbed?’*

Hannibal sounded impatient as he said, *‘All will become clear to you in due time. I need you to keep him as still and calm as possible. That will require you to ask no more questions in his presence.’*

Jack sighed and answered, *‘Yes, doctor, I understand.’*

‘Nurse, I will require a small gauge speculum, and forceps.’

Graham felt pinned to the bed. He couldn’t escape, he couldn’t move, he couldn’t . . . ‘Jack!’ *Speculumobjectremovalspeculumobjectobjectspeculum*, raced through Will’s mind.

Jack Crawford pulled back the curtain and looked down at Will. The man on the bed was not the image of Will Graham that Jack had stored in his mind. This Will looked so naked

without his glasses, Jack thought. His face was bruised, cut, bleeding, and bandaged. Of course, Will was naked under his blanket, but the part of Will not under the blanket was raw and exposed as he screamed.

‘Jack!’ Graham pulled his arms out from beneath the blanket and beckoned for Jack to come to his side. ‘Jack, I can’t do this. I want to go to the hospital in Baltimore. I can’t! I can’t *do this!*’ he screamed.

‘Special Agent Graham,’ Crawford addressed him with his booming and commanding voice.

Will stopped his crying as he held his breath.

‘You are in possession of material pertaining to the assault of a federal agent. As a federal agent I expect you to fully participate in any and all efforts to gather said material that would lead to the capture and arrest of the assailant.’

Will hiccupped as he swallowed his urge to cry. His voice wavered as he pleaded, ‘Jack, please. Don’t give me that shit right now.’

Less militant-drill-sergeant and more father-he-never-knew-he-had tone, Jack stressed to Will, ‘I’m not going to leave your side unless you ask me to. This needs to be done one way or another. You know as well as I do that Dr. Lecter is a skilled ER surgeon. You’d be lucky to have someone half as talented as him in the Baltimore ER doing exactly what he is doing now,’ explained Crawford.

Graham blinked away tears and he collected himself. ‘I don’t want to do this at all,’ he said weakly.

‘No one does, but you and I know that this is the kind of evidence that puts people away for a long time. You don’t need me to give you the speech about how this is going to catch and convict our man,’ Crawford continued.

‘Here,’ Patty said as she wheeled a stool to Jack.

Jack nodded his thanks and adjusted his chair to sit by Will’s left side and facing him.

‘Nurse, I want you to redress his head while I prepare,’ ordered Hannibal.

‘Yes, doctor.’ The nurse applied sterile gloves and brought another thick pad and narrow roll of gauze to Will and wrapped the new pad over the old wet pad. She wrapped this pad tightly, and Will’s head actually felt better for it. She dabbed away the tears from his face and wiped the blood from his cheek and eye.

‘This table is too narrow for him to roll to his side during the procedure. Patty does this table have attachments?’ asked Hannibal.

‘No, doctor. They don’t make them like this anymore. It’s an old model. The stirrups extend from inside of the bed, and the lower half folds down.’ She finished with Graham’s head bandage, washed her hands, and took a position at Will’s feet. ‘Okay, sweetheart.’ She held Will’s right ankle, and he took in a staggering breath. She held his leg while she extended the

first cold, metal foot rest and placed his right foot there. She did the same for his left and made sure that the blanket remained over his legs. ‘And then this drops down,’ she explained as she pulled a latch and the lower half of the bed disappeared under Graham’s hips.

Will’s eyes danced behind his fluttering eyelashes, and Jack took a firm hold of his left hand. ‘Will, you’re burning up.’ Jack touched the back of his other hand to Will’s right cheek. ‘Doctor?’ Jack turned to look at the Hannibal. He quickly turned to look back at Will when he saw Lecter sitting between Will’s elevated and spread knees.

‘Yes, I am aware. The stress combined with a possible systemic infection is attributing to his high temperature. However there are more pressing matters at the moment. I must address the cause before the symptom,’ Lecter said tersely.

‘I’ll adjust the lamp, doctor,’ said the nurse and she skidded around Will’s table and to the bright light that seemed to catch Will’s eye painfully no matter where he looked. She rolled the lamp down Will’s body until it was in the optimal position for the doctor’s needs below Will’s pelvis.

‘God, Jack,’ uttered Graham. Thick strings of saliva dangled between Graham’s teeth as he grimaced.

‘I’m here with you, Will,’ promised Jack.

Chapter End Notes

Up-update: Computer fixed, but writer's block has set in. No amount of cookie-dough and Mountain Dew is helping to lube the flow of writing. Wish me luck! I'm trying D:

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Damnably short and un-bete'd, BUT several very encouraging and super-duper-lurvly comments have lit the fire under my backside. RL - got a job. Got another job after that one. Got a cat. Got a sick cat. Employment and adulthood have taken their toll on my creativity and drive. So so sorry to leave everyone hanging!

PS Cat got well, then cat got fat. And lazy. Until 4 am bowl-is-1/4 full-wake-up-now-need-noms-iNO0OW! feeding time.

Dr. Lecter collected a bag and tools from Crawford's FBI box and the nurse pushed another stool to the foot of the bed for the doctor. The doctor spread the items across the table at Will's side.

Will glimpsed bags, swabs, sample cups, and the various items he'd only ever seen in the Beverly process in the lab at Quantico.

Dr. Lecter took the position on the stool between Will's legs. He locked eyes with Graham before he started, 'I'll need to swab your urethra, Will. This will be uncomfortable, but I promise it will be quick.' Hannibal took a gentle hold of his penis.

Graham squeezed his eyes closed at the immediate sting as a cotton swab plunged and swiped through his urethra. Lecter did it twice more, and Will grasped Crawford's hand each time. Jack's hand continued to hold his in a firm and unwavering grasp.

'Very good. You'll feel a few more touches as I swab,' Lecter explained. He kept his gaze focused between Graham's legs as he worked. He took up another swab and prepared the next envelope.

Will shuddered as swabs brushed up his thighs. He winched as the doctor spread his sticking buttocks slightly and swabbed at each inner side. He cried and lifted his head when Hannibal pressed another swab and rolled it at his anus.

Lecter ignored Will's outburst and packed the final swab in an envelope and continued, 'This part will not be painful. I am going to comb through your pubic hair and collect any debris. A vital clue might have been left by your attacker.'

Will tried to find his breathing and let his head rest on the pillow. *He's doing a rape kit. This is a rape kit. I've been raped.* The realization quickly ran through Graham's mind, but he was still only half conscious of his situation. The evidence, the clues, and the collecting of samples were what he did in the FBI. He was the investigator. He was the profiler. He wasn't

the victim. *I'm the victim. I'm the victim!* He felt very much the victim as he felt Hannibal move his genitals and pulled a fine-toothed comb through his pubic hair. He noted that Hannibal was very thorough.

'Thank you, Will. I need a hair sample from you as a reference.' Three pubic hairs were plucked from just above Graham's pubic bone and he flinched despite himself. He folded the hairs into envelope. He turned to remove his gloves and wash his hands yet again in the sink.

'Doctor?' Crawford asked urgently.

Hannibal continued to wash his hands, but turned his ear minutely toward Jack. It was an obvious dismissal and a reiteration of his order for Jack not ask questions in his patient's presence.

Crawford did hesitate in asking but still voiced what everyone needed to know. 'Is there . . . ' he stared, but he immediately regretted it. The question could wait. Will had enough to deal with. He swallowed bitterly.

The only sound in the room came from the sink as the water was shut off, and the doctor crinkled paper towels as he dried his hands. 'Yes, Jack.' He turned to catch Crawford's eyes. 'There is semen.'

Will thought he could literally feel the adrenaline burning through his blood stream and coursing through every vein and artery. He quickly lost what little control he had over his breathing. Hannibal did not give Graham much time to think before he ordered, 'Nurse, I'll need his bladder voided and a urine sample.'

'Yes, doctor,' said Nurse Patty. She collected a plastic urinal and a small clear cup with a blue lid. She broke the seal from the cup as she took a position on the stool between Will's raised knees. Will could feel the warmth of the lamp as it shined between his legs, and then the nurse was lightly touching his penis. 'Alright, sweetheart. Go ahead and release your bladder. I've got the urinal right here,' she encouraged.

Will clenched his jaw at the indignity, and Jack pressed his hand at his shoulder. 'Come on, now. You've had half a dozen urine tests to get into the bureau. Nothing we all haven't done.'

Finally, spastically, Will was finally able to fight the discomfort and relax enough to release unsteady stream of urine in the nurse's direction.

'Very good, sweetheart. That's got to feel better now,' said the nurse with a crinkle in her eyes if not a smile.

Graham watched helplessly as she took the urinal and the sample cup and Hannibal returned. His blankets were beginning to feel cold as he sweated. He released Jack's hand and adjusted himself just a little on the bed. 'My urine isn't going to catch this guy, Jack, and I'm not on drugs.'

Hannibal replied before Jack could. 'I need your bladder empty before I continue. A clean urine sample will also validate any questions about your statements.' He donned another pair

of gloves and scooted closer between Will's spread legs and continued, 'I am going to ask you to be very brave for this next part. You must do your very best to remain still. There is a piece of metal inside your rectum, Will, and I must remove it before we transport you. Jack, please help Will to stay calm and still.'

Graham leaned his head back and tried desperately to think of a better time and place. He closed his eyes and saw himself on his bedroom floor surrounded by the dogs and the engine to the scrap-boat he was trying to reconstruct. He needed to remove the bolt around the ...

His fantasy was crushed by the pressure of something cold and unyielding at his anus. He scrambled for Jack's hand again. Jack offered it, and Will held onto it tightly with both hands. It hurt. It hurt like a fingernail pressing into an exposed wound. He scrunched his face, but breathed through the pain. Not knowing what the object was made it all more painful, and Lector kept pushing at him. Will whimpered his discomfort and squeezed his fist at the blanket.

'Will, you must remain relaxed completely. Do not move. Take a deep breath,' ordered Lector. He looked up at Will from between Graham's legs and locked eyes. 'Now exhale.'

As Graham breathed out until his lungs were nearly empty, the doctor pulled at the object with a quart turn. There was a metallic clink, and everyone in the room knew that the object was out. Crawford and the nurse sighed audibly when the doctor dropped the thing into a steel emesis basin.

Crawford immediately left Graham's side to examine it. Patty lifted her head to peak at it, but she scrambled to provide gauze to the doctor.

Will admonished to himself that the removal wasn't as painful as he'd expected. Part of him wished it had. Whatever it was, he was glad that Lector was more interested in completing his exam.

'Will, I need to take samples, and flush the area. I see a tear, and you will need stitches. I'll be quick,' the doctor informed him.

Will swallowed and turned his gaze to Jack. He was staring at the object on the table. He felt numb around the lips and flushed. 'I'm nauseous,' he said in a weak voice.

Patty seemed like she was the only one who heard him. She took note of his pale, wet face. She was gone for a moment but returned with two cold compresses. 'If you need to throw up, I'm right here with a basin.' She pressed hard at either side of his neck with the packs until they conformed and melded between his chin and shoulder blades. 'You're almost home free, sweetheart.'

Her encouragement did little to help Will vision from turning to white with black and green sparks. He couldn't keep his eyelids open anymore.

'What the hell is this?' Will mustered what strength he had to open his eyes one last time and see Jack holding something red and shining white up with the forceps.

End Notes

Hannibal is by no means legally or figuratively mine to keep or hold or take on long walks with me on the beach. I couldn't afford the grocery bills. I am very happy to leave all these characters to their respective owners as I mostly fear them and prefer to admire from a distance. Obviously Hannibal is really good at being a really bad friend.

Shivers

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!